BANGOR DAILY WHIG AND COURIER.

BY BOUTELLE & BURR. (ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.) | BANGOR ME. SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1881. | VOLUME XLVIII---NUMBER 285.

BANGOR

Daily Whig and Courier.

IS ISSUED MORNINGS

At East End Kenduskeag Bridge

BY

BOUTELLE & BURR.

CHAS. A. BOUTELLE. | BENJ. A. BURR.

TERMS—$8 per year. $4.00 for six months, three months $2. Invariably in advance.

THE BANGOR WEEKLY COURIER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

at the office of the DAILY WHIG AND COURIER, at $2 per Year, invariably in advance.

AGENCIES

Pettingill & Co., 10 State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are authorized Agents to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions.

S. R. Niles, Agent, No. 256 Washington street, Boston.

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Payments must in all cases be paid in advance.

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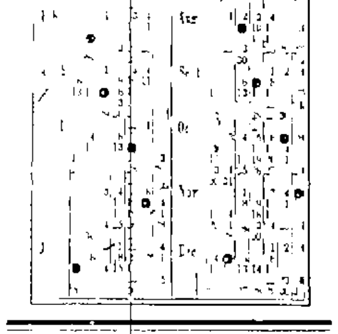

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January 1st, 1881. jan15

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General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

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WATCH,

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nov30 1w

Harper for December

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nov17

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sep10

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CONFECTIONERY

—TO—

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nov21 (Com copy)

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—AND—

COMMISSION.

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july8

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For Window Gardens and for Spring flowering Bulbs of

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In prime condition. You can fully ... also

Chinese Primroses

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well grown in pots. All at low prices.

I ... to send orders for these, as well as for

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nov21

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nov29

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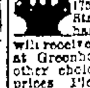

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nov23 3w*

Thanksgiving Cards

—AND—

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

CHAS. HIGHT.

nov21

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L ook at our goods and compare prices.
T ake our goods home and return them if not satisfactory
O ur stock of Furnishing goods is complete.
N one but cash customers can buy our goods.

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K nowledge is power; our customers know we never misrepresent.
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N one should purchase until they examine our stock.

& we shall continue to use every one alike.

C ome and see us; we don't find fault if you don't buy.
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nov3

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OVERCOATS FOR BOYS,

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AT A PRICE TO CLOSE THEM OUT!

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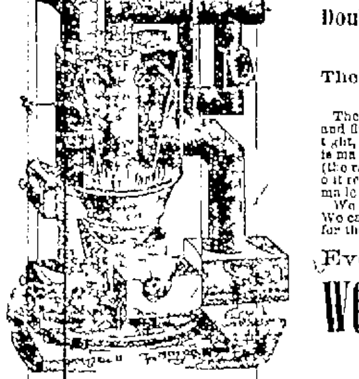

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The Most Successful Heater Ever Sold in Our Country.

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We invite all interested to examine this furnace. We can refer to parties who have used this furnace for the last ... years without repairs.

Every Furnace Warranted

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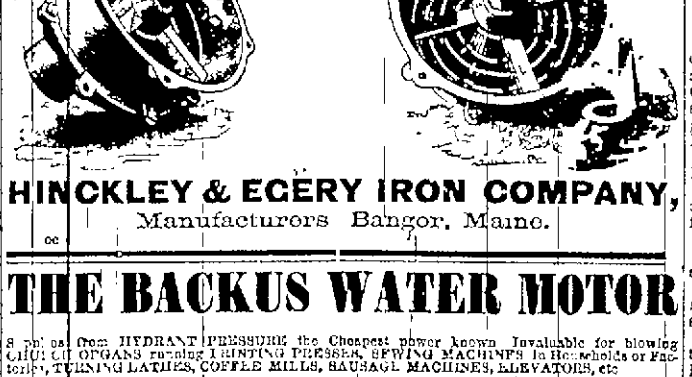
BANGOR BARK MILL,



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It is Noiseless, Neat, Compact, Steady;

Will work at any pressure of water above 15 pounds at 40 pounds pressure has 1 horse power, and capacity up to 10 horse power

PRICE FROM $15 TO $300.

Send for Descriptive Circular to

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Bargains in Flour

—AT—

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nov26 d&w

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by Louisa M. Alcott. Apply at once for circular and terms. It will pay well during the Holidays.

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nov30 cod2t

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CREAM CHEESE,

BOSTON CELERY,

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Monday, December 5th,

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nov21 eod2w

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GUITEAU IN COURT

CROSS EXAMINATION OF THE ASSASSIN

Below we give a continuation of Thursday's cross examination of Guiteau which was unfinished in yesterday's issue.

You say in the same note "I have got the President and Gen. Logan worked up about it so that they are willing to leave it with you." Was that true?

The witness then related how he met Gen. Logan for the first time at the head quarters of the Republican National Committee in New York, showed him his speech and had some talk with him about taking the stump for Garfield and Arthur. Subsequently he met him in the boarding house of Mrs. Lockwood in Washington and had with him some conversation about the Paris Consulate, detailed in his direct examination. He understood from Logan to say then and on several subsequent occasions that he would help him get the appointment.

The witness also saw Secretary Blaine several times, but whenever the witness referred to the subject of the Paris Consulate, the Secretary would say, "We have not got to that. As soon as the deadlock in the Senate is broken we will get to it." Saturday I called at the State Department. I understood from the way he was acting I was to have the place, but I thought it time I should know for sure. He said angrily, "Never speak to me again about the Paris Consulship." I never have had any positive answer in regard to the Paris Consulship from that time to this.

He was then asked whether at the time of his last interview with Secretary Blaine he gave the latter to understand he would support him for the Presidency? He replied in the negative. Upon Judge Porter reading however a paragraph from a letter of Guiteau's to Secretary Blaine, saying he (Guiteau) hoped to get back from Paris in time to be of service to him (Blaine) in the Republican Convention of 1884, the witness modified his previous answer and admitted he did some such idea.

After recess the prisoner was again conducted to the witness stand looking very haggard and worn and his cross examination proceeded.

Judge Porter—Had you a purpose in telling Mr. Blaine that?

I had no special purpose about it. I simply made the suggestion to him that in case I assisted me in getting the Paris Consulship I should feel bound in case he was a candidate at the National Convention to assist him. That is the way they do in politics, the Judge understands that. That is the way politicians get on; you tickle me I tickle you."

Did you try to tickle President Garfield?

I do not think I did; may have made a similar suggestion to President Garfield at the time I was pressing my application in March and April. The witness then said he and all stalwarts were deeply interested in Garfield after his inauguration, there was perfect harmony until he began to make war on the stalwarts in matter of patronage, then there was a decided reaction.

Did you write President Garfield on the 8th of April a letter marked "private," in which you said "I intend to express my sympathy for you on account of the pressure that has been on you since you came to this city"?

Yes, I wrote that letter. My idea was just this, to express my personal regard for Gen. Garfield on account of the pressure on him for office, and that is what I meant by saying I considered him my personal friend. I sympathize with any President who has this enormous horde of office seekers at his throat.

On the 29th of April, did you write to the President that Conkling had worked himself up to a white heat of opposition?

I remember using that phrase.

Had you ever spoken with Conkling from the time you came to Washington on the 6th of March, until you wrote this letter?

I considered myself on friendly relations with all those men.

I did not ask you that; I ask if you had spoken to him?

I think I had met Conkling several times and we had exchanged "How do you do, Senator," and "How do you do, sir?"

When?

During the months of March and April.

Where?

On the street and at the Capitol.

Did you speak with him on the street?

Yes (decidedly.)

How many times?

Met him once on the street. I remember distinctly. He was exceedingly cordial and bowed and said, "How do you do, Mr Guiteau." That was near the Patent Office some time in March or April. I was on good relations with all those men during March and April.

(Slowly and with great deliberation) Did Senator Conkling—

(Interrupting) Oh! don't look so fierce at me, I don't care the snap of my finger for you.

But you will answer my questions?

Put your questions in a quiet, simple sort of way and I will.

Did Senator Conkling ever promise to support your application for the Paris Consulship?

I never suggested it to him. My expectation about the Paris Consulship was that I would get it through my personal influence with the President, Secretary Blaine and Gen. Logan, and when my nomination went to the Senate, Mr. Conkling and that sort of men would see it through, but I don't think it necessary to discuss this matter of the Paris Consulship, I went over it all yesterday and I decline to discuss it further. There's no use wasting the time of this honorable Court in going over it again. If you do not know the facts about it yet, you better read this morning's papers and you will find them.

Did you write on the 7th of May to President Garfield, whom you afterwards shot, "I am sorry you and Senator Conkling are apart, but I stand by you." I wrote that, that was the time I was trying to bring those men together. I was acting the part of peacemaker.

Was that true?

Why do you ask that? Every thing in the letter is true.

And you stood by President Garfield?

I tell you I did. But after Robertson was nominated, and when the public announcement was made that any Senator who would decline to vote for Robertson's confirmation would need a letter of introduction to the President, then I stood by Conkling and the stalwarts. That was the occasion of the break between the President and the stalwart.

On the 16th of May, did you write to President Garfield a letter marked "private," saying: "Until Saturday I supposed Secretary Blaine was my friend in the matter of the Paris Consulship, but after his tone, Saturday, I judge he is trying to run the State Department in the interest of the Blaine element. (With a violent bang on the rail) Yes, and that is the truth about it. I hit him square there, and that is the reason Blaine went back on me, because I was a Grant man and he thought he would put a Blaine man in the Paris Consulship.

You promised Blaine and you promised Garfield your influence.

I promised nothing. I made the suggestion in an offhand sort of way.

Were you ever inspired with the idea that President Garfield would be re-elected?

I did not have any inspiration on that subject at all. It was a mere casual thought of my own, I do not need inspirations for that kind of work.

How came you to write to President Garfield on May 13th: "The idea of 1884 flashed upon me like an inspiration and I believe it will come true."

I presume I wrote that letter.

Did you then believe it?

All these letters were written prior to General Garfield's disrupting the Republican party, and it is mean and unfair in you to distort any letter, after he disrupted the Republican party by bringing Grant and Conkling down on him there was a very different condition of affairs. Now I protest against this kind of work. It is not fair or manly in you.

You said in this letter that the idea of 1884 flashed through you like an inspiration?

But Mr. Garfield killed the idea by his disruption of the Republican party. He had not sense enough (banging the rail violently) to appreciate the letter. He paid no attention to any of those letters because he was so bound up with Blaine.

Did you then believe in the inspiration?

(Resolutely) I decline to discuss this matter any further. You have gone over it two or three times and I decline to discuss it any more. If your idea was correct about my having malice in the matter Blaine was the man for me to have shot. What possible ill will could I have had against Garfield? Blaine was the man to have been shot, according to your theory. My getting or not getting the office had nothing to do with it whatever. It only shows how absurd and nonsensical your theory is. If Gen. Garfield had paid any respect to those letters it would have been all right but what did he do? He went and sold himself soul and body to Blaine. He did not appreciate the sentiment and kind ness of those letters but threw himself in to Blaine's hands and allowed Blaine to use the President to destroy Conkling and Grant.

Did you say yesterday you did not desire the removal of Secretary Blaine?

I did not and you cannot find it on record. I insist now upon your finding it in the record. I want to fasten something in you. I am as good a man as you are.

I know you think so.

(Angrily.) Yes and the public will think so too. I never had the slightest idea of removing Blaine, either officially or by killing.

Was your motive for demanding Blaine's resignation because he had said on the Saturday preceding never to speak to him again on the Paris Consulship?

(Excitedly) I told you that had nothing to do with the Paris Consulate. I want to ram that into you and put it down deep. (Laughter.) I am talking now about national politics not about a miserable office, and if you would try to get your brains to take that in it would be better, I am no disappointed office seeker.

On the second of July you wrote a letter to the "White House People" in which you stated that the President's tragic death was a sad necessity?

Certainly, a political necessity.

Did the Deity tell you that?

That did not require any telling.

You say "It will unite the Republican party." Who told you that?

It did not require any telling (with excitement) and that is exactly what it did do. That shows that the inspiration was correct.

Who told you it would save the Republic?

My own judgment told me so, and it proved to be correct.

You say that Mason fired at you while under the protection of the law and you esteem that to be a crime?

Of course that was a crime.

Did it occur to you then in the language of your letter to Mrs. Garfield and the White House people that "Life is a fleeting dream and it matters little when one goes?"

Those are my sentiments.

Does it matter much to you who you go?

(Coolly.) I have got no great fear of death. You are liable to die in five minutes and so is every one in this court house.

In reply to a question why it required a special inspiration to shoot Garfield, Guiteau said "It required no special directions from the Deity to me. I suppose there were a thousand men in the Republican party who would have shot Gen. Garfield if they had the chance, and had got the nerve and the brains and the opportunity to do the work."

Did it occur to you that there was a commandment—"Thou shalt not kill?" Was there any higher divine law than that spoken on Sinai?

Indeed there was.

When you pointed that pistol at Gen Garfield and sent that ball into his backbone, you believed it was not you, but God, that pulled the trigger.

That I was simply executing the Divine will. He used me as an agent in pulling the trigger. I had no option in the matter. I would have done it if I knew I was to be shot dead the next moment. The pressure was so enormous I could not resist it. Put that down.

Did you walk back and forth in the depot watching for him?

Yes, I was working myself up for I know the hour had come.

Working yourself up? Was it necessary to do that to obey God?

It was all I could possibly do to do the act anyway, and I had to work myself up to it. I had to obey the God Almighty if I died the next second.

The prisoner was then questioned with regard to the events which immediately succeeded the shooting, and was asked whether he was afraid of personal violence. He replied he was not, but admitted he did want protection until the people cooled off. In conclusion he declared the Deity had protected him from that day to this.

How do you know that?

I know it was the Deity more than I know I was alive.

It depends more on whether the jury believe you.

Exactly! What the jury is here to pass upon is whether the Deity and I did the act, or whether I did it on my personal account, and I tell you further, I expect there will be an act of God to protect me if it is necessary from any kind of violence, either hanging or shooting.

Did the Deity tell you that?

That is my impression.

Have you never had mistaken impressions?

Never in this kind of work. I always tested the Deity by prayer. I never act under a misconception. I find out positively that it is the Deity and then I do the act.

Mr. Porter then asked if the prisoner had written a letter stating that he would have killed the President on June 18th, if it had not been that Mrs. Garfield was with him, leaning tenderly on his arm.

The prisoner stated that that was correct and thought it spoke well for his heart. "My heart would not allow me to remove him in the presence of Mrs. Garfield."

What objection would she have?

Decided objections. She was a sick lady and the shock might have killed her. That was my reason for not doing it. I only had authority to remove the President.

And did not intend to kill Mrs. Garfield?

Decidedly not; I felt very sorry for her, remarkably sorry for his children and for every body. I was grieved that it was necessary to save the Republic from another war, and it has saved the country from another war.

There would have been war now but for you?

I do not pretend that war was immediate, but I do say emphatically, (and here he began to declaim in a dramatic manner, and in the style of a stump speaker,) a paragraph from the speech he wanted to make two weeks ago. He continued, resuming his natural tone and apparently well satisfied with his effort, it comes in very pertinent here and I am glad I had the chance to deliver it. Adjourned.

STATE NEWS.

Aroostook

The *Republican* says the duties on the imported iron used on the railroad from Caribou to Presque Isle amounts to $7 950. $31 780 has already been paid on the steel used on the new gauge, making the total amount $39 730.

The Houlton *Times* says A farmer in this town, who wintered thirteen sheep, realized from their increase and product of wool $74 the past season, besides having the same number of sheep left.

The *Pioneer* says that Hugh McManners, of No 8 Range 5 left that village with a load of goods, last Thursday afternoon, and at about 6 o'clock he was found at New Limerick, under the wagon, dead, having fallen from his team.

Cumberland

The *Press* says, Asa Heath, M. D., of Freeport, died recently at the advanced age of 77 years. He was a graduate of Bowdoin medical school, and commenced the practice of medicine in the town of Monson, where he remained two years, removing from thence to Windsor, where for many years of his life he practiced his profession making many warm friends who will remember him for his devotion and self sacrifice. From Windsor he went to Detroit where he practiced his profession for several years. For the last sixteen years he has lived in retirement from the active duties of professional life upon a small farm in the town of Freeport.

The *Herald* says that at the Catholic Fair, held recently in Brunswick, there was a ring worth about seven dollars put up and two girls stood as candidates. As the contest waxed warm, the French girl found herself behind her rival, shortly after she was left far behind. In the excitement of the moment, she went to the bank and drew out her deposit, amounting to some one hundred and fifty dollars. This, with what money she had about her, bought enough votes to secure the ring, and she remains nearly two hundred dollars short, and the happy (?) possessor of the ring.

Kennebec

The *Journal* says that seventeen years Nov 28 J. M. Benjamin commenced his work as bank cashier in the Winthrop Bank. He has been daily at his post ever since with very few exceptions. During this time the business of the bank has greatly increased, the safe has once been cracked by experts, but the bank is justly regarded as one of the best managed in the State, accumulating a large surplus and always paying good fat dividends.

A serious and painful accident happened to a little year and a half old child of Willard Maxwell, Winthrop a few days since. A basin of hot water was left on the edge of the table a few moments, and the little child pulled it off spilling it on her head and breast, burning her in a shocking manner.

Knox

The Augusta *Journal* says that Langdon W Moore, who served a term of several years in the Maine State Prison for breaking into the Limerock Bank at Rockland and who is now serving at Concord a term in prison of which there are still four years to run, was the other day sentenced to another term of seven years in prison for breaking into the Warren Institution for Savings, with intent to rob. Moore is a man of unusual ability, and had he pursued an honest course in life could scarcely have failed of becoming wealthy and honored, but choosing the life of a bank burglar he has spent and will spend the most and best of his days in prison. He might well ask himself, in view of his fate, if it pays to be a robber.

Piscataquis

The *Observer* says the up train on the B & P Railroad, Nov 23d, killed two of Mr Jas. Holbrook's cattle at Milo.

Waldo

The Belfast *Journal* says The Masons of Belfast are agitating the question of instituting a commandery of Knights Templar. There are in this city about ten or twelve Sir Knights enough for charter members, and a large council of Royal and Select Masters from which to draw. It is believed that before next May, the time when the Grand Commandery meets, a commandery of fifty members can be had in Belfast. The facilities at the Temple are ample for such an organization, the spare room off the banquet hall having been especially designed for an armory. It is hoped the movement will be a success.

The *Journal* says Quite an amusing scene occurred last week, at a store on Main street, Belfast. A man slipped on the sidewalk and broke his leg. He hobbled into the store and was soon surrounded by a lot of sympathizing strangers. The injured man would grasp his broken limb and twist it about, while the crowd looked on in surprise. "Don't it pain you?" "Don't you want a doctor?" and such questions were asked. At last the injured man rolled up his pants, adjusted a strap, got up on his feet and left. It was William Thomas, and the strap to his wooden leg had broken, that was all.

Washington

The *Sentinel* says a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Simon Stevens, Eastport, Friday evening, from a defective chimney. It caught in a part of the house which was being refitted for a tenant and damaged the walls, ceilings, etc., by fire and water. The damage is estimated at $400, insured.

The Pembroke *Herald* says A young man, from Eastport got crazy drunk and fired two shots, from a revolver, into the gate house at the Iron works Wednesday night. The watchman was in the mill at the time but a boy who was in the house escaped without anything more serious than a bad fright. The person who fired the shots is known and if he visits Pembroke again very soon will undoubtedly have a chance to board at Machias for a while.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

[All notices for this department must be sent in before 6 P. M. on Friday to secure insertion.]

Morning services commence at 10½ o'clock, afternoon services at 3½ o'clock, prayer meeting at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

FIRST PARISH CONGREGATIONAL—Broadway, near State. Supported by voluntary contributions. Sittings free. Preaching service at 10½ A. M. Sunday School, 12 M. Supplied by Rev. C. J. H. Ropes. Missionary Concert to-morrow evening at half past seven o'clock.

HAMMOND ST. CONGREGATIONAL—Hammond street, corner High. Services 10.30 A. M., Sabbath School 12 M. Missionary Concert at 7 P. M. Rev. C. J. H. Ropes will supply to-morrow.

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL—French Street, near State, Rev. Geo. W. Field, Pastor. Preaching at 10½ A. M. Second service at 7½ P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST—Harlow St., corner Center, Rev. E. T. Hazewood, Pastor. Preaching at 10.30, Sabbath School immediately following. No service in the afternoon except the first Sunday in each month, when the Lord's Supper will be observed. Evening service at 7 P. M.

SECOND BAPTIST—Columbia Street, Rev. Geo. B. Ilsley, Pastor, residence 23 Ohio Street. Preaching at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 11 45 A. M. Communion service at 3 P. M., the first Sunday of each month. Evening services at 7 o'clock. Seats free to all.

FIRST FREE BAPTIST—Essex St. near State, Rev. R. L. Howard, Pastor. Services at 10.30 A. M. Sabbath School at close of service. Sabbath School concert at 7 P. M. every first Sabbath in the month.

FIRST METHODIST—corner Pine and Somerset streets. Rev. N. G. Axtell, Pastor. Preaching at 10½ A. M., Sabbath School at close of the sermon. Prayer meeting at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PARISH CONGREGATIONAL MISSION in Pine Street Methodist Church. Preaching service by Rev. A. W. Main, at 2½ o'clock P. M., Sunday School immediately following. All invited. Seats free.

UNION ST. METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Union St corner Clinton, Rev. G. N. Eldridge, Pastor. Preaching in forenoon. Sunday School at close of forenoon service.

INDEPENDENT CONGREGATIONAL—(Unitarian) Union St., corner Main. Rev. S. J. Stewart, pastor. Services at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at close of morning service.

UNIVERSALIST—Park St., near Center. Services every Sunday at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M., Rev. W. H. Jewell, Pastor. Sabbath School at 11 45 A. M.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL—French St. Rev. William Allen Blake Rector. Morning service at 10.30 A. M. Subject of sermon "Reverence in the House of God." Vesper service for young people at 3 30 P. M. Subject of sermon "Angels of God."

ST. JOHN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC—York St., Rev. Edward McSweeney, Pastor.

ST. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC—Cedar St., corner First, Rev. M. C. O'Brien, Pastor.

HOME FOR AGED WOMEN—State Street. Services at 3 P. M., on the second and fourth Sabbaths in each month. All are invited.

WEST BANGOR CHAPEL—Preaching at 2 30 P. M. Sabbath School at 3 45. Prayer meeting Sabbath evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—West Bangor, Hammond street. Prayer meeting at 7 P. M. Preaching at 3 P. M. Bible School at close of afternoon service. Seats free to all.

EAST BANGOR CONGREGATIONAL—Preaching at 10½ A. M. Prayer meeting at 7 P. M. Regular weekly prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

SECOND FREE BAPTIST, East Bangor, Rev. R. L. Howard. Preaching at 2 P. M. Union Sabbath School at 1 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7½ P. M. Wednesday evening. Prayer meeting at 7½. Monthly Concert at 2 o'clock Saturday preceding the first Sabbath of each month.

HILLSIDE SCHOOL-HOUSE—Sabbath School at 3 P. M.

ESSEX ST. SCHOOL-HOUSE—Preaching at 2 P. M.

Advent Christian Church. Eld. O. S. French pastor, worship at Concert Hall. Morning prayer meeting at 10½, preaching at 2 P. M., evening prayer meeting, Sunday and Wednesday evening at 7½ P. M.

CROSBYVILLE SCHOOLHOUSE. Sabbath School at 2 P. M.

KITTREDGE SCHOOLHOUSE—Stillwater Ave. Sabbath School in the afternoon. Prayer meeting evening at 7 o'clock.

SECOND ADVENT MEETING—Johnson's Hall Main Street. Services every Sunday at the usual hours. All are invited.

BREWER.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL—Services at 10½ A. M. Rev. C. A. Lockwith, Pastor.

SECOND CONGREGATIONAL—at Brewer Village.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Main St., Rev. C. A. Southard, Pastor. Morning service at 10.30 followed by Sabbath School. Evening service at 7.

HOLDEN

CONGREGATIONAL. Preaching services at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at close of morning service. Social meeting at 7 P. M.

DEDHAM

Preaching at 2 P. M.

EDDINGTON BEND

METHODIST.—Sunday School at 1 P. M. Preaching at 2.

ORONO

CONGREGATIONAL.—Services morning and evening.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Rev. I. L. Hanscom Pastor. Services morning and evening. Sunday School at close of morning service.

ST. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC—Rev. F. X. Trudel, Pastor of St. Joseph's, at Oldtown, officiates alternately at the two churches.

UNIVERSALIST—Morning service at 10 30 A. M. Sabbath School at close of the service. Rev. C. E. Church, Pastor.

OLDTOWN

CONGREGATIONAL.—Services morning and evening. Sabbath School after morning service. H. A. Freeman, Pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday Evening.

BAPTIST.—Seats free. Sabbath School at 10½ A. M. Preaching at 1 P. M. Preaching 7.30 P. M. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evening. All are invited.

ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL.—Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School 1 P. M., evening service at 3 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Services 2½ and 7 P. M.

UNIVERSALIST. Sabbath School at 10½ A. M. Preaching at 2½ P. M.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC—Rev. F. X. Trudel, Pastor. Services at 10½ A. M.

SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION. Meetings at Union Hall Sunday Jan 1st and every fourth Sunday for the year following at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 11½ A. M.

MILFORD

CONGREGATIONAL.—Service afternoon at 2 30 followed by Sabbath School. H. A. Freeman, Pastor. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening.

HAMPDEN

CONGREGATIONAL.—Rev. C. D. Crane acting Pastor. Services at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M.

METHODIST.—Rev. A. S. Townsend, Pastor. Services at 10.30 A. M. Sabbath School immediately after services. Social services in the evening at 7 o'clock.

WINTERPORT

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, Main Street,—Rev. G. Pratt, Pastor. Services at 1 P. M. Sabbath School 12 M. Evening service 7 30.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Rev. M. Blanchard, Pastor. Services 10.30 A. M. Sabbath School, 12 M. Evening service, 7 30.

LINCOLN

METHODIST CHURCH. Rev. F. A. Bragdon, Pastor. Service alternate Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School every Sunday.

CONGREGATIONAL. Sermon at 10½ A. M. Sabbath School immediately after. Social meeting at 7 P. M.

MATTAWAMKEAG

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Rev. I. M. W. Wharff Pastor. Service on alternate Sundays at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School every Sunday at 11.30 A. M. Social meeting at 7.30 P. M. Class meeting Saturday at 7.30 P. M.

WINN

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Rev. F. A. Bragdon, Pastor. Services alternate Sabbaths at 2 P. M., in Town Hall.

CARMEL.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Preaching every two weeks at 10.30 A. M. Sabbath school immediately after the Service. Social meeting at 7 P. M. Sabbath School and Social service every Sabbath.

WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET

[Corrected semi weekly by the Grocers Association.]

WEDNESDAY, Nov 30 1881

Produce Market.

State Law Regarding Weights and Measures.

A hogshead of salt shall contain eight bushels. The standard weight of a bushel of beans shall be 62 pounds, of potatoes, wheat, beets and peas, 60 pounds of corn, 56 pounds of onions, 52 pounds, of carrots, turnips, rye and Indian meal, 50 pounds of barley and buckwheat, 48 pounds of oats 30 pounds, or even measure as by agreement.

Country Produce.

APPLES—
Sweet, per bbl, $1 75 to $ 25
Cooking do 1 75 to 2 50
Baldwin No 1 do 2 50 to 2 75

BEANS—
Imperial Yellow Eye, per bush $3 00 to $3 10
Pea, hand picked, per bush, 2 60 to 2 75

BUTTER—
Best, new rolls per lb 25 to 27 cents
Fair to good do 23 to 25 do

CHEESE—
Best Factory, per lb 14 cents.
Best Dairy, do 13 do

DRIED APPLE—
Choice strung per lb 7@8 cents
Choice sliced, do 8@9 do

EGGS—
Fresh laid per dozen, 27 cents.
Limed do, 23 do

HAY—
Best loose, per ton, $14 00 to $17 00
Best bales, do 15 00 to $15 00

OATS—
Prime country, new per bush, 45@48 cents
Prime Western, do 55 do

PEAS—
Imperial, per bush, 2 00
Best Canada, whole, per bush, 1 15 to 1 25

POTATOES—
Best Early Rose, per bush, 75 to 80
White, do 65 to 75

POULTRY—
Chicken, per lb 11 to 14 cents
Turkeys—per lb 17 cents.

ONIONS—per bushel 75c to $1 00

Retail Prices Current.

SALT—
Bangor, ground in boxes, per box, 20 cents
English butter salt, in 17 lb bags, per bag, 25 cts.

HERRING—
English, scaled, in boxes, per box, 25 cents.

RAISINS—
Loose Muscatels, per lb, 15 to 18 cents
London Layers, do 20 cents.
Sultana, do 17 cents
Valencia, do 12 cents.

CURRANTS—English, do 10 to 12 cents
CRANBERRIES—per qt., 13 to 15 cts.

POP CORN—
Best on cob, per lb, 7 cents.
Best do, shelled, per qt,

KEROSENE OIL—
120 test, per gallon, 15 cents.
150 do do 25 do

VINEGAR—
Pure cider, per gallon 30 to 35 cents.
Pure W. W. do 35 cents.

Breadstuffs, Grain, Etc

FLOUR—
Best Spring Haxalis, $9 25 to 10 25.
Best St. Louis, 9 00 to 9 25.
Good Family, 8 00 to 8 50.

CORN—
Full weight, 81c.

CORN MEAL—
50 lbs to bush, 75c.

SHORTS—
St. Louis bran in sacks, 120 to 150 lbs, $1 30 to 1 35 per hundred
Fine Middlings, 1 65 to 1 70

COTTON SEED MEAL—
In sacks of 100 lbs, $1 70 to 1 75 per sack.

OATMEAL—
Best Scotch per lb, 6c.
Best Irish do 5c.
Best Canada do 4c.
Rye Meal, do 4c.
Graham Flour, do 5c.
Buckwheat Flour, do 7c.

PORK—
Country clear, do 10c.
Western clear, do 11c.

LARD—
bulk, from tierces, do 14c
Home, in pails, do 15c.

SUGAR—
Granulated, do 10½c.
Extra C, do 10c.

EDWARD H. BLAKE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC

No. 11 Central Street, Bangor.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Whig and Courier.

BOUTELLE & BURR, PROPRIETORS.

C. A. BOUTELLE, EDITOR.

All business letters should be addressed to Boutelle & Burr, and communications intended for publication should be addressed: "Editor of Whig and Courier."

SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1881.

A DEMAGOGUE FLOUNDERING.

If the dignity and credit of the State were not in a sense involved by the discreditable performances of a Governor, it would be amusing to note the desperate floundering of Plaisted since the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court laid him flat upon his back. His ready-made editorials sent out from Augusta answered no purpose, so he had himself interviewed by his Portland organist and sends that report around with its talk about *quo warranto* as a method of letting himself down gradually. But the demagogue sticks out so plainly all through that the more he prints the more complete will be his discomfiture.

That the interviewer and interviewed are a well-matched pair is shown very ludicrously in the publication they have jointly produced. In the middle of the interview, in answer to the query "How does the Court meet this difficulty?" Plaisted replies "I do not know;" thus affecting a sublime ignorance of the character of the opinion of the Court which he would not listen to in the Council Chamber. But our gubernatorial demagogue and his newspaper Sancho Panza were so perturbed in their minds that they forgot that in the very opening of their interview they declare that "Governor Plaisted is not 'in the least dismayed by the opinion of the Court,'" and a little further on make him quote from the opinion of Judge Libbey! Governor Plaisted thinks that it makes him appear Jacksonian to pretend not to know the nature of an important judgment of the Supreme Court, he is as mistaken as in supposing that people will not detect his self-contradictions in print.

The whole gist of this interview deliverance is that Plaisted is floundering and can think of nothing else to do but to resort to a dilatory process of reaching a second decision of what the Court has already decided. He says he "wants this 'matter settled,'" and "wants a decision 'that will be binding,'" and proposes to get it by asking the Attorney General to make up a law-suit on a writ of *quo warranto*. That is the talk and the makeshift of a demagogue. If he wants the "question 'settled'" it is so, and there is nobody to disturb it or trouble about it if he simply respects the judgment of the Court as every Governor of Maine has done save Garcelon and himself.

To resort to extraordinary process in order to obtain by protracted and roundabout litigation a repetition of the Court's judgment, deliberately formed after the most exhaustive consideration and explicitly and unanimously rendered, is the merest pettifogging folly. In his suddenly developed anxiety to get a "binding decision" Governor Plaisted cuts about as ridiculous a figure as would a blubbering urchin after being soundly spanked with a slipper, who should insist upon being taken again across the knee and given a regulation basting with a paddle.

Attorney-General Cleaves is under no official obligation to become a party to such tom-foolery, simply because Governor Plaisted "requests" him to do so. The responsibility is with the Attorney-General, and not with the Governor, and the Attorney-General and not the Governor, is the judge of his duty in the premises. The Attorney-General has not the slightest doubt that Reporter Spaulding is legally and rightfully in his office, and it would seem the height of absurdity for the Attorney-General to sue out a writ to ask the Supreme Court to say "by what warrant" the Reporter holds an office to which they have just now formally and unanimously affirmed his perfect title.

Plaisted evidently wants to persuade somebody else to make a fool of himself so as to break his own monopoly of public contempt. When he insidiously presents himself before the Attorney-General with his big talk about "suing out writs of *quo warranto*," we can imagine Mr. Cleaves quietly placing his finger beside his nasal organ as he reminds His Supreme Executiveship of the familiar and very expressive lines:

"Says Aaron to Moses:
"Let's cut off our noses?"
Says Moses to Aaron,
"*It's the fashion to wear 'em.*"

WE ARE ON THAT SIDE.

To have the title of "Court Journal" applied to us as a respecter and supporter of a learned and honored Judiciary of our State, we accept as a compliment even when bestowed in impotent spite by such a paper as the *Commercial*. So, when it angrily shouts that "according to THE WHIG this has become a government of 'the Court, by the Court and for the 'Republican party,'" we as readily and cheerfully accept the obvious though unintended encomium. We are proud to say that the Court is the people's Court and that government of the Law by the Law is as truly the creed of the Republican party, as lawlessness and hatred of Courts, Judges, Sheriffs and Policemen are the conspicuous traits of the opposition in this State.

MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE.

The *Commercial* flinches, prevaricates and tries to sneak away from our exposure of the fact that the arguments in defence of Governor Plaisted's course which it put forth as its editorial utterances in Thursday afternoon's paper, *appeared identically, word for word, on the same afternoon*, in a special despatch from Augusta in the Portland *Advertiser*. The editor of the Portland sheet has been in Augusta for several days past closeted with Plaisted, and the two chums evidently thought it expedient to furnish a ready-made editorial for the Bangor organ.

The picture of General Garfield for Queen Victoria is said to have been forwarded through the State Department on Monday. It is of cabinet size, and is described as bearing a striking resemblance to the late President, the eyes particularly being life-like and expressive. The photograph was inclosed in an envelope bordered with mourning, addressed to Queen Victoria, and having the name of Mrs. Garfield written on the lower corner. It was encased in a box lined with dark blue satin velvet, which was again incased in a mahogany box.

It is to be hoped that the abominable spectacle of the assassin Guiteau haranguing the Washington Court and lauding himself as the friend and agent of the Almighty is nearly over. The annals of criminal trials do not afford a parallel to this shocking exhibition of depravity.—*Tribune.*

THE ASSASSIN ON THE RACK.

JUDGE PORTER'S CROSS-EXAMINATION.

The Blasphemous "Inspiration Theory" Dissected.

[Special to the Boston Traveller.]

This Thursday morning the cross-examination was resumed. Judge Porter, with that rare skill and shrewdness that have made him famous, began an assault upon Guiteau's theory of inspiration, catching the cunning prisoner at every turn. Guiteau soon became so excited and confused that he was pale with rage. He pounded the rail before him and proclaimed loudly his partnership with the Deity in committing the murderous deed at the railway station.

Being pressed at all quarters he declined to answer further queries on that score. He was puzzled over the interrogations as to the exact time when the inspiration came to him. Becoming so confused that he could hardly know what was going on he shouted, "This is altogether too sacred a matter to make light of," and vehemently pounded the rail. Thick and fast came the questions. At times Judge Porter pointed in a commanding way to the witness and fastened upon him a piercing glance that

MADE HIM QUAIL AND SHRINK BACK.

Then again he suddenly shouted back: "Judge Porter, you needn't point your finger at me; I've seen you do that to people in New York, but you can't frighten me."

He was pushed to the wall again and continually responded, "I decline to answer." "Do you fear that it will criminate you?" solemnly asked the lawyer at such times.

His career was reviewed, Judge Porter recalling all the testimony bearing upon the prisoner's acts and pursuing him with questions that

PUT THE PRISONER IN CONTINUAL TORTURE.

Incidentally, the occasion when his brother threw him down stairs was mentioned. He said he had called his brother a thief, which was in a certain sense true. His brother, he said, had been a defaulter as the general agent of an insurance company, but the matter was settled and hushed up.

The prisoner's brother prompted the witness to tell the whole story; didn't care to be shielded and protested against any attempt to shut off the prisoner in his statements. When Guiteau was

WORKED UP TO FEVER HEAT

by the hot pursuit of Judge Porter, the latter would quickly drop the subject and lead the witness off with questions that savored so much of kindness and sympathy, that Guiteau unsuspectingly allowed himself to be led along until suddenly he realized the trap into which he had fallen, and then he became wild, and began to shout.

Fast came the questions in tones that effectually drowned the confusing sounds of Guiteau's shouting, and then as quickly the examination lapsed back into a quiet familiar colloquy that made the prisoner forget his danger.

CONSTANT REMINDERS OF HIS TERRIBLE CRIME.

A recess of an hour was taken at twelve o'clock, the prisoner expressing his desire to have a little rest, he being very weary, but the real reason being, as was apparent, his desire to get a respite from the torture to which Judge Porter was submitting him. At every opportunity the lawyer confronted him with a reminder of his terrible crime, in all the horrible circumstances attending it, making him squirm with misery.

Guiteau's idea of political rewards was that "if you tickle me I'll tickle you," and said that he would have been willing to work for Blaine in 1884 if he (Guiteau) had succeeded in getting the Paris Consulship. He protested, again and again, that he didn't want Judge Porter to

POINT THAT BONY FINGER AT HIM,

and repeatedly declined to answer further questions. He responded sometimes in sneering tones, as though in the utmost contempt of Judge Porter's sarcastic language. "I don't fear death," said the witness; "life is only a fleeting breath; when a man dies it's only a question of whether or not he is already to go. All men have died and will continue to die. You, Judge Porter, are liable to die in five minutes, and so with every person in the court room, and it only matters whether everything is right between himself and God."

"Then," said the Judge, "God needed your assistance to kill President Garfield?"

Thus the theory of inspiration was being attacked continually, and rapidly crumbled away.

THE BOSTON NAVAL OFFICE.

There is a renewal of the discussion as to the appointment of Naval officer at the Boston Custom House to succeed Mr. Hall, of New Hampshire, whose term is expired, and the person most prominently mentioned for the place is Hon. Seth L. Milliken, of this State. The justice of recognizing the right of New England outside of Boston in the distribution of appointments in the Custom House located in that city has been long established, and for many years now the incumbent of the Naval Office has been taken from New Hampshire. It would seem that there can be no reasonable objection to considering some other of the New England States in filling the vacancy at this time, and on political and every other ground Maine certainly presents the strongest claim. Our New Hampshire brethren have so long enjoyed the privilege of furnishing the incumbent of that office, that they ought to be willing to surrender it for a time to the State that has led and borne the brunt in every National campaign since the formation of the Republican party.

Conceding Maine's claim in the premises it remains to be said that the appointment of Mr. Milliken is unanimously recommended by our Republican Senators and Representatives, and his candidacy is cordially endorsed by leading members of the party throughout the State. His abilities and qualifications for the place are unquestioned, and his long and faithful service in behalf of Republican principles are eminently worthy of being recognized by the Republican Administration. From the time of leaving college in 1856 Mr. Milliken has been an active and zealous champion of the Republican cause, and in addition to his share in all our Maine campaigns he has within the last ten year travelled thousands of miles and spent months of arduous and effective labor on the stump in other States.

In the great contest of 1880 when the forces were arrayed for the fierce preliminary, September struggle in Maine, it was recognized that the 4th and 5th Congressional Districts would be made the battle-ground upon which the enemy would concentrate their most desperate efforts, because there they hoped to win. The Republicans went into the fight weighed down with an adverse majority of over six thousand six hundred votes at the previous election in the two Districts, and against these heavy odds Mr. Milliken became one of the two leaders of the forlorn hope. How vigorously and effectively the battle was fought is shown by the wiping out of over four thousand seven hundred of the Fusion majority, Mr. Milliken reducing the adverse thousands in his District down to 994, in spite of the flood of Democratic money poured into Eastern Maine on the eve of the election. It is safe to say that but for the sleepless and tireless Republican contest waged in these two Districts where the power of the enemy was concentrated, we should have been so beaten in September that it would have been impossible to redeem the State two months later for the Electoral ticket. For his conspicuous share in that great battle Mr. Milliken is entitled to remembrance, and we shall be glad to see his services recognized by his appointment to the Boston Naval Office.

MINISTER HAMLIN IN PARIS. A Paris despatch states that Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, United States Minister to Spain, on Wednesday paid visits to President Grevy and M. Gambetta, both of whom received Mr. Hamlin with great cordiality, and congratulated him upon the part he took in the events leading to the abolition of slavery in the United States. They also dwelt upon the sympathies of France for the United States, and said they hoped to see the friendly relations between the two sister Republics drawn still closer.

A citizen was amusedly remarking last evening upon the *Commercial's* bumptious arraignment of the Supreme Court's ignorance of the Constitution, when an eminent lawyer remarked: "Well, if Mr. Bass doesn't know all about the Constitution, who does?"

The Boston *Herald* of Friday presents its readers with a special report of the minutest details of a brutal prize-fight in New York, describing just how "McClellan landed on Rooke's stomach with his left," and winding up with a charming portrayal of how "Rooke gave McClellan a tremendous chopping blow under the ear" which "dropped him as though struck by an axe, and he lay face downward, motionless and apparently lifeless." In another column of that noble exponent of independent thought it remarks that "the whole petty quarrel in Maine amounts to nothing." Truly "the ox knoweth his owner" and the *Herald* its constituency.

Here is the coolest thing on record in the line of constitutional discussion: A long extract from Plaisted's argument against the Supreme Court as it appeared in that special to Portland, is printed in an editorial in the Boston *Herald* with the introduction that "*As condensed by the Portland Advertiser the Constitution of Maine declares, etc.*" That is certainly an easy method of construing, but fortunately the people of Maine do not live under a Constitution "*as condensed by the Portland Advertiser*" or by Governor Plaisted with the powerful aid of that paper. We suggest that the Constitution of the United States "*as condensed*" in the writings of Jeff Davis would be an equally profitable field of study for our Boston contemporary. "Condensed" is good.

The Boston *Post* complains of THE WHIG and the *Concord Monitor*, as mutually reprehensible because one criticizes Plaisted and the other Guiteau.

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Cyrus W. Field wears the finest emerald in the world in his scarf pin.

Secretary Folger has a son engaged in farming near Worthington, Minn.

Ex-Senator Frelinghuysen lost $200,000 by the failure of that Newark bank.

The richest merchant in New York is Moses Taylor, and he is worth $40,000,000.

The city of New York now spends on its streets, sewers, and water pipes about one-third of a million dollars every month.

Thirty-one thousand emigrants arrived in New York in November, nearly twice as many as during the same month of last year.

In Georgia there is a man who for thirty-three years has been in bed, suffering great agony from rheumatism and being unable to move.

Mr. Robert Browning has thus far written 93,323 lines of poetry. His first work was written in 1833, and contained a thousand lines of blank verses.

The New York Supreme Court has just granted a divorce to Agnes Robertson from Dion Boucicault, the actor, with $2,000 a year as alimony.

Mrs. Henry Ingham, of Battle Creek, Mich., who went fourteen months without food, has a fair chance for recovery. Paralysis of the stomach occasioned this long fast.

Dr. John H. Stevens, Stonewall Jackson's principal surgeon in the late war, was found dead in his office at Dallas, Texas, Friday evening, into which he had gone after returning from a pleasure ride.

The cheapest riding in the world is on the underground railroads of London. Some of them carry workmen twelve miles for a penney—two cents. The passengers last year numbered 110,000,000.

Formerly in our Navy, the sailors had their daily rations of grog, and similar provision was made for the soldiers of our Army. Now both are supplied with coffee as a substitute.

It is stated that there are now stored in the oil country 25,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum, a sufficient quantity, it is thought, to supply the world for illuminating purposes for fully five years.

The first circus ever started in America, was organized in 1780, by a man named Pickets. When the circus reached Philadelphia, General George Washington and all his staff attended the show.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from Bugbee's the American Poets' Calendar, with handsomely lithographed back-ground and block of dates with quotations for every day in the year from famous American Poets. Lockwood, Brock & Co., Boston. Price 50 cents.

Special Notices.

MISS FANNY C. BERRY,
Organist at Hammond St. Church,
will receive pupils for instruction on Piano and Organ and in Harmony.
Address, 34 MADISON ST., Bangor.
dec3 tf sn

ACCOUNTS AND CLAIMS.
The Committee on Accounts and Claims, will be in session at the Aldermen's Room, City Hall, on the Monday preceding the first Tuesday in each month, at 3 o'clock P. M., and all bills against the City should be left with the City Clerk at or before that time.
D. F. KELLEHER, Chairman.
March 29 dec Sat&M sn

ANOTHER INVOICE
—on—
MILL & CAMP LANTERNS
Just received at
Wyman's Hardware Store
141 Exchange Street.
(Schwartz's Old Hardware Stand.)
nov7 sn eod

CHRISTMAS.
Why not buy something useful from my stock of implements and machinery as a present to your friend.
FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.
nov25—sn MW&S4w&wtw

GRAND OPENING
—OF—
Holiday Goods!
JACOB STERN & CO.
Have now on exhibition the largest and most varied line of
HOLIDAY GOODS
ever shown in Bangor, to an early examination of which the public are cordially invited.
dec3 sn 1w

Fall and Winter
MILLINERY
—AT—
NO. 2 MIDDLE ST.
MRS. E. STEVENS.
sn tf

No Humbug
Rice & Buswell would announce to the public that they are selling
Salt Pork at 10 Cents per Pound.
One half pound for 5 cents or 500 pounds $50.00.
The BEST of ROAST BEEF out of Best of Oxen, 14 cents.
CHUCK RIB ROAST, such as the market men say we are selling for 12 cents, we are selling from 8 to 10 cents.
PORK ROAST or STEAK, either, 10 cents per pound.
Wild Game and everything usually kept in a first class market, sold at a very fine figure. No humbug. Don't forget the place.
NOS. 1 & 2 NORUMBEGA MARKET
Rice & Buswell,
Successors to Kidder & Rice.
nov5 sn 1w

BIRDS,
DEER-HEADS, &C.
mounted in first-class style by
E. S. BOWLER,
NO. 61 HAMMOND STREET.
Cash paid for pretty or rare birds.
nov8 sn d&w 1pd tf

Hallett, Davis & Co.,
AGAIN TRIUMPHANT!
First prize at the New England Fair in 1881 in competition with the best pianos in the world. Positively sure to stand in tune. All parties wanting a strictly first-class piano should call and examine the unsurpassed musical purity and power of tone and workmanship of these instruments. Elegant new styles just received. Great inducements to cash buyers.
L. J. WHEELDEN.
76 Main St. 76
sept23 d&w sn

FINE
FURS!
GEORGE L. GRIFFIN,
Formerly of Bangor,
announces to his friends and former patrons that he would favor them with his best attention and the most advantageous terms for reliable and satisfactory goods of any description in the fur line, at
Joseph A. Jackson's,
412 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
Our stock has been most carefully selected and manufactured this season, comprising
SEAL SACQUES,
Dolmans & Ulsters,
SILK FUR-LINED GARMENTS,
In all the new and prevailing styles.
Muffs, Collars, Fur Trimmings, &c.
We have an extensive assortment of Silks and Satins, and the very choicest Seals and other skins from which to execute orders of any requirement, and, with our specially desirable features of design and finish, can meet the wants of any, whether of moderate demands or the most costly and elaborate character.
Inspection Cordially Invited.
oct26 sn W&S3m

Headquarters for Fur Work.
All kinds of Fur Work done in the latest styles and very best manner, at reasonable prices, by one who has the most experience of any one in the city.
MISS WYER,
No. 49 Grove Street.
nov20

DR. D. A. ROBINSON,
Residence No. 2 Thatcher street. Office No. 4 Hatch Block, Main street, (recently occupied by Dr. Mason.)
Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M.
sept23 sn 3m

BUCKSPORT & BANGOR RAILROAD
Change of Time, Dec. 5, 1881.

	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Bucksport	5.30	5.00
Arrive in Bangor	6.45	6.05
Leave Bangor	7.35	7.15
Arrive in Bucksport	8.45	8.25

A special train runs in connection with Sanford Steamers.
The 5.30 A. M. and 5.00 P. M. trains from Bucksport, arrive in Bangor to connect with trains East and West.
The 7.35 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. trains from Bangor await arrival of trains from the West.
STAGE CONNECTIONS.
At Bucksport daily for Penobscot, Bluehill, Castine, Sedgwick, Brooksville, Ellsworth.
L. L. LINCOLN, Supt.
nov29 sn

Butchers Attention!
10,000
CARCASSES
Good Mutton
Wanted for Canning, delivered after October 20th, 1881, through the winter.
Parties wishing to contract, can communicate with proposals to the
Castine Packing Co.
Castine, Me., Sept. 15th, 1881.
sept19 sn

ANOTHER NEW LOT
—OF—
OVERCOATS, ULSTERS AND ULSTERETTES,
Just Received and Selling at GREAT BARGAINS. Also,
MEN'S AND BOYS' WINTER SUITS, PANTS, VESTS, &C.,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
No matter what others say about low prices, look at our goods and learn our prices before you expend one dollar for clothing. It will pay you well.
J. E. CHAPMAN & CO.,
KENDUSKEAG BRIDGE.
dec3 sn d&w

FASHION CATALOGUE---WINTER---FREE.
FASHION REVIEW---WINTER---20 CTS.
AGENTS' CATALOGUE---WINTER---25 CTS.
THE STYLE---DEC.---FREE.
CALL OR SEND TO
DWELLEY & CO., - - Main Street, Bangor.
dec3 sn

OVERCOATS AND SUITS.
We have a large Line of all Grades now in Stock. We have some especially nobby things for young men in Suits and Overcoats, Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's wear. Everything kept in a first-class Clothing House. We are happy to show our new Fall Styles. We keep the finest Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, and Rubber Coats. Money always refunded if wanted.
W. O. COLOMY & CO., 3 Kend. Bridge.
oct18 sn 3m

FLOUR.
Washburn's Best Patent Flour, $9.00 Per Barrel.
B. W. CUBTIL,
NO. 10 BROAD ST.
sept21 sn

IT IS BUSINESS.
We do not claim that life insurance is in any proper sense, a charity or a benevolent institution, it is a business as much as banking or farming. But who shall tell the vast amount of good accomplished by these companies to thousands of people scattered up and down the land, through the prudent foresight of husbands and brothers and fathers, in obtaining life insurance for the protection of their families and dependent loved ones?
H. N. FAIRBANKS,
Gen'l Agent Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co., Bangor.
nov26 sn 1w

MARSTON'S
Is the place to get the best Photograph work. His pictures do not turn yellow in two weeks. His facilities are the best in the country.
sep16 sn

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.
Annual Meeting.
Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Maine Central Railroad Company will be held at the Station in Augusta on Wednesday, the twenty first day of December, A. D. 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to act upon the following articles, viz:
1. To hear the reports of the Directors and Treasurer and act thereon.
2. To fix the number of, and elect the Directors for the ensuing year.
3. To act upon any other business that may come before the meeting.
Per order of the Directors.
JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, Clerk.
November 25, 1881. sn dec1

TAXES FOR 1881.
Collector's Notice.
The Assessors of the CITY OF BANGOR have committed to me the TAX BILLS for the year 1881, under date of October 8th, 1881, and by a vote of the City Council, I am authorized to make a discount of *Ten per Cent.* on all Taxes paid
On or before Tuesday, November 8th, 1881,
And of FIVE PER CENT. on all Taxes paid after November 8th, 1881, and
On or before Thursday, December 8th, 1881.
JOHN L. CROSBY, Collector.
Bangor, Oct 8th, 1881. 2m sn (Com co) w6w43

STAMPING of all kinds with Bernard's Latest Patterns at lowest rates at
NO. 16 BOYNTON ST.
sn 3m

Thanksgiving Goods.
NEW RAISINS,
Prunes, Dates, Lemons, Florida Oranges, Malaga Grapes, Layer Figs,
NUTS OF ALL KINDS.
ALSO A GOOD LINE OF
Teas, Coffee, Spices,
&c., at the LOWEST PRICES, at
A. L. BOYD & SON'S.
nov17 sn

Maine Central Railroad.
CHANGE OF TIME.
Commencing Dec. 5th, 1881.
AN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN will leave Bangor for Waterville at 6.30 A. M., daily, (Sundays excepted) stopping at all intermediate stations, and passengers from Bangor for such stations, excepting for Newport and Dexter or Burnham and Belfast, MUST TAKE THIS TRAIN; as must also passengers from way stations for points west of the same, or take the afternoon mixed train or the night Pullman.
[illegible]
5.30 P. M.
Dec. 1st, 1881. PAYSON TUCKER, Supt. sn1w d&w

JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
28 Main Street, 28
Men's and Boys' Winter Caps,
Ladies' Warm Slippers,
Also another lot of those
Three Dollar Kid Button Boots,
The Best Boot for the money in the city.
J. A. BUZZELL,
28 MAIN STREET. 28
nov21 sn

MR. JOHN O'NEILL,
Teacher of English and Italian Singing and Physiology of the Voice,
begs to inform his numerous friends and the public that he will be prepared to receive pupils for PRIVATE LESSONS on the 5th of September, at his new and elegant rooms, No. 140 Tremont street, over Arthur Schmidt's Music store.
The term opens on the 12th of September, but pupils may enter at any time.
Mrs. O'NEILL will also be prepared to receive pupils in private instruction at the above rooms on and after Sept. 5th.
sept17 sn 3m

Grand Trunk Railway
$8 To Chicago $8
$8 To Detroit $8
The Grand Trunk Railway will sell on the rebate plan, first-class tickets from
Portland to Chicago and Detroit,
At the above rates until further notice.
FRED. H. SMALL,
Pass. Agent, Maine and Lower Provinces, Bangor.
JAS. STEPHENSON,
General Passenger Agent, Montreal.
P. M. BLAKE, City Agent,
6 CENTRAL ST., BANGOR.
nov24 sn

For Sale.
Three pairs good team horses. Can be seen at City Stables.
W. P. WINGATE,
Street Commissioner.
nov4 sn

INVESTORS OF MONEY
In any Amount, from $50 Upwards, and all Persons Desiring to
Change
Their Present Form of
Investments,
And to Obtain the
Strongest and Best SECURITIES,
Will Find it MUCH to their Advantage to Deal With
BOWLER & MERRILL,
Bankers,
And Proprietors of the
BANGOR SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,
No. 7 Kenduskeag Block, Bangor.
oct5 sn

SURE CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.
For particulars, write ASA JONES,
North Vassalboro', Maine.
aug22 sn 6m

H. E. DILLINGHAM & CO.,
Bankers & Brokers,
No. 13 New St., New York,
Buy and sell either upon margin or for investment, Railroad Stocks, Bonds and other Securities usually dealt in in the New York Stock Exchange.
H. E. DILLINGHAM, E. H. PARKS, } C. G. WHITE, Member of the New York Exchange.
M. S. NICHOLS, (of M. S. Nichols & Co., of Chicago,) Special.
jan1 '81 sn 1y

MARCH OF PROGRESS
F. C. WESTON takes great pleasure in announcing that he has secured the new Instantaneous Dry Plate Process, which renders failure in Children's Pictures almost impossible. Notwithstanding the expense attendant upon working this process, I shall not advance the price, believing that I shall be fully compensated in the satisfaction that will accrue to my patrons and myself.
F. C. WESTON,
2 Smith Block.
nov23 sn TuS3w

MARRIED.

In Oldtown, Nov. 24th, by Rev. F. W. C. Wiggin, Mr Charles Leavitt and Miss Carrie Varney, both of Bradley.

In Oldtown, Dec 1st, by Rev. F. W. C. Wiggin, Mr David A. Dunn of Bradley and Miss Jennie E. Gustin of Carmel.

In Holden, Nov. 23d, by A. B. Farrington, Esq., Mr. Charles O. Estes and Miss Cora M. Goss, both of Holden.

Marine Journal.

PORT OF BANGOR.

[This list is *specially* reported for the Whig & Courier.]

FRIDAY, Dec. 2.

ARRIVED.

Sch July Fourth, Wood, Boston.
Also, one schooner, unknown.

CLEARED.

Steamer Cambridge, Ingraham, Boston, B G Downes.

Sch July Fourth is at Pearson's Mill, ldg.

There are now seven vessels in port.

The port of Bangor is still open to navigation and will probably remain open some days yet. The river is unusually free of ice and the weather is moderate.

MARITIME MISCELLANY.

Schr Hattie L. Curtis, Hodgkins, from Boston for Bangor, went ashore in a S W gale Nov 27 at Connor's Point, Castine. She lies in a bad position. Vessel valued at $4,000. Captain owns one eighth, which is insured.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN
Cloaks and Dolmans.
LOOK AT THESE PRICES.
25 Cloaks at $3.00; - former price $5.50.
25 Cloaks at 5.00; - former price 7.00.
25 Cloaks at 8.00; - former price 10.00.
One Hundred Cloaks and Dolmans, $8 to $20.
SPECIAL BARGAINS IN BLACK PLUSHES.
Our store is full and we are bound to close these goods at some price within the next 30 days, as we need the room for other purposes.
E. H. HALL, - - - 23 Main St.
nov30

TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S
Overcoats Ulsters & Ulsterettes.
Must be Sold Inside of Sixty Days!
These goods are all NEW and FIRST CLASS and of the LATEST STYLES. Our PRICES and GOODS must suit you, as the FORMER are the LOWEST and the LATTER the BEST. We are BOUND to move them REGARDLESS of COST. PROFIT NO OBJECT. Also,
Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Five Boys' and Men's Suits
TO BE SLAUGHTERED AT THE SAME RATE.
The WEATHER is AGAINST us, but we are BOUND NOT TO SEE ANY DULL TIME AROUND OUR STORE, if LOW PRICES will bring the PEOPLE in.
A DOLLAR SAVED IS ONE MADE. COME ALL TO
J. Waterman's "Boss" Clothing House,
(Sign of the Dressed Man.) 75 and 77 Exchange Street.
nov10 d&w

FRANK D. PULLEN'S
Clothing House
—IS AT—
NOS. 17 AND 19 EXCHANGE STREET,
Where you will find one of the largest and finest stocks of
Clothing for Men and Boys
ever shown in Bangor.
In Men's Overcoats and Ulsters he has the Finest Grades Manufactured
A very superior line of
SHORT SUITS, LITTLE OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS FOR CHILDREN.
LADIES are respectfully requested to call and examine the new and stylish
WINTER SUITS FOR THE BOYS.
A Large Line of
Fur Caps, Silk Mufflers, Hosiery, Gloves and Mittens.
Also a complete Stock of Boots, Shoes, Overshoes, Rubbers, Rubber Boots, Rubber Coats, &c., &c.
FRANK D. PULLEN.
nov23 d&w

WINTER MILLINERY
A Full Line, Cheap.
19 Main St., C. W. COFFIN.
nov11

DOMESTIC PORTS.

BOSTON. Ar Nov 30, schrs Mary Menne, Scott, Bangor; A Hamlin, Babbidge, do.

NEW YORK. Passed through Hell Gate, 29th, schr Abby Thaxter, Hutchings, Hoboken for Providence.

BALTIMORE. Ar 29th, brig Fidelia, Harlow, Navassa.

BRUNSWICK, Ga. Ar 25th, bark Mary Jenness, Cochran, Perth Amboy. Cld 30th, schr Lester A Lewis, Pendleton, New York.

CHARLESTON. Ar 29th, schr Wm Flint, Pendleton, Belfast, Me.

PORTLAND. Ar 29th, schr Nellie Treat, Dow, Philadelphia.

SAN FRANCISCO. Ar 22d, ship Nancy Pendleton, Pendleton, Yokohama. Cld, ship Austria, Gilmore, Queenstown.

STONINGTON. Ar 26th, schr Frank Herbert, Philbrook, Port Johnson.

VINEYARD HAVEN. Ar 29th, schr Millie Trim, Barbour, Boston for Palatka, Fla.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Sld from Mauritius, Oct 15, bark Chas Stewart, Powers, Manila.

At Batavia, Oct 8, bark Arletta, Nichols, for Padang and United Kingdom or Continent.

Cld at Liverpool, Nov 14, bark Herbert Black, Treat, Singapore.

At at Mozambique, Oct 4, bark Spartan, Crossley, Zanzibar (and sld same day for Asia).

At Sourabaya, Oct 8, bark Kate Harding, Waite, for Sydney, NSW.

IOWA LOAN & TRUST CO.
Six per cent. Bonds, interest semi annual, December and June.
JOHN S. KIMBALL & SON,
123 Exchange Street.
dec3 1w

Holiday Goods,
For sale by
D. BUGBEE & CO.
dec3

STATE OF MAINE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, December 1, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that petition for the pardon of Frank S. Dufour, a convict in the State Prison under sentence for the crime of manslaughter, is now pending before the Governor and Council, and a hearing thereon will be granted in the Council Chamber at Augusta, on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of December, inst., at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOSEPH O. SMITH, Secretary of State.

dec3 d3w

WE HAVE A NEW ARRIVAL
—OF—
ICE CREEPERS,
Outside Windows, also Weather Strips for Doors and Windows.
W. P. DICKEY & CO.
dec3

ORONO NATIONAL BANK.

The Stockholders of this Bank are notified that their annual meeting will be held at said Bank, Monday, January 2d, 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of any other business properly before them.

E. P. BUTLER, Cashier.

Dec. 2d, 1881.
dec3

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Penobscot:

The undersigned, Guardian of Maud F., Horace W. and Horatio N. Hapworth, minor heirs of Mary Ann Nickerson, late of Eddington, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that said minors are seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz:

Forty acres of land, more or less, in the town of Holden, in said County, with buildings thereon, it being the homestead of said deceased, when she resided in said Holden, it being the same described in a deed recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County.

That it would be for the benefit of said minors that said real estate should be sold, and the proceeds thereof put out at interest, or otherwise used for their benefit.

He therefore prays that license may be granted him to sell and convey the above described real estate at public or private sale, according to the requirement of law.

HORATIO S. HAPWORTH.

Nov. 23, 1881.

STATE OF MAINE.

PENOBSCOT, ss.—Court of Probate, November Term, A. D. 1881.

Upon the foregoing petition, ORDERED, That said petitioner give public notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of the petition, and this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Bangor Daily Whig and Courier, a newspaper published in Bangor, in said county, that they may appear at a Court of Probate for said county, to be held at the Probate Office in said Bangor, on the last Tuesday in December next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

ELLIOT WALKER, Judge.

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest: JOHN F. ROBINSON, Register.

dec3 d3w

PHYSICIANS!
We have recently added to our stock a line of
Surgical Instruments
made by W. F. Ford for Codman, Shurtleff & Co. The reputation of the above is a sufficient guarantee of the quality. Our arrangements with the manufacturer are such as to enable us to
Sell Them at Very Low Prices.
We shall endeavor to keep a good assortment of all that we think there will be a demand for. We solicit your patronage and hope to receive sufficient encouragement to warrant the outlay.
CALDWELL, SWEET & BRO.
nov10

Entertainments.

FIRST ANNUAL

G. A. R. FAIR,

To be held at

NOROMBEGA HALL,

December 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1881,

Under the Auspices of

B. H. BEALE POST, NO. 12.

PROGRAMME:

TUESDAY, DEC. 6.

AFTERNOON.

Opening ceremonies, Organization, Inspection, Music, &c.

EVENING.

Address by Hon. E. B. Neally, Tableaux, Music.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7.

At 3 o'clock P. M., there will be a Grand Baby Show, open to all babies under 18 months of age. The following prizes are offered:

1st Prize—Handsomest—a fine Baby Carriage.
2d Prize—"Heaviest"—Splendid Combination Chair.
3d Prize—"Lightest"—Beautiful Silver Mug.

No baby to receive two prizes.

Any one intending to exhibit are requested to leave their names with Post Commander Cross, or at Dole Brothers, on or before Tuesday morning, Dec. 6th, when any information relating to same will be cheerfully given.

EVENING.

Fan Drill by eighteen young ladies, led by Mr. C. H. Bartlett and Mr. W. E. Morrison, also to be followed by an evening of Legerdemain by Professor Oscar Taylor.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8.

Come in and see.

EVENING.

Musical entertainment, which will be participated in by some of the best talent in the city.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9.

The time will be devoted to distributing gifts.

EVENING.

Fan Drill at 8 P. M.

A beautiful upright Piano, valued at $250, will be given to some patron of the fair.

Supper will be served each afternoon from 5 to 7 o'clock. Oysters, Ice cream, Cake and Coffee will be served at all times by an efficient corps of waiters.

The following is a partial list of the articles to be given away during the fair:

One Upright Piano, $350, now on exhibition at L. J. Wheelden's, Main street.
One Walnut Chamber Set.
One Parlor Carpet.
Sewing Machines.
One Harness.
Decorated China Tea Set.
Silver Ice Pitcher.
A number of beautiful Pictures.
Several pieces of elegant worsted work.

The following articles will be voted upon and given to the person receiving the highest number of votes:

Past Chancellor K. of P. Jewel to be given to some Past Chancellor of Norumbega Lodge No. 5.
Full regulation uniform to be voted to some one of our Letter Carriers.
History of the war to be voted to some comrade of Post Beale.

There will also be on sale at the different booths a large assortment of articles, such as worsted work, aprons, quilts, confectionery, dolls, Japanese goods, toys, groceries, books and other articles too numerous to mention.

The pottery manufacturers will set up a wheel and workmen will exhibit the method of turning out their ware, making jugs, etc., in the presence of the audience. This will be a most interesting feature. Their ware will also be placed on sale.

All parties wishing to contribute articles will please notify the Committee, A. C. Hamlin, A. B. Farnham, C. A. Boutelle, H. N. Fairbanks, Jos. S. Smith or F. A. Chamberlain.

Single admission 25 cents.

Children 15 cents; season tickets, $1.00

nov29 sn

A Popular Entertainment.

MISS JANIE SAVAGE,

The distinguished and successful reader of Boston, will give one of her entertainments at

NOROMBEGA HALL,

Thursday Evening, Dec. 15th,

At 8 o'clock.

Read what the press says of her:

"Miss Savage made a decided hit, last evening, in her reading in Music Hall, in the Roberts' Lyceum Course. She carried the audience completely by storm."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Endowed with no ordinary talent, fascinating in presence, Miss Savage carried her audience with her from the moment she appeared upon the platform. Her elocution is charming, and her grace of manner most attractive."—*Hartford Post.*

"Miss Janie Savage is endowed by nature with a presence such as is rarely seen upon the platform, and her winning ways and powerful magnetism won and held her audience to the very last word."—*Boston Transcript.*

"She deservedly stands as one of the very best and most attractive readers of the country."—*Boston Sunday Herald.*

Admission 35 cents.

Admission with reserved seats, 50 cents.

The sale of reserved seats will commence Monday morning, Dec. 12th, at D. Bugbee & Co's.

dec1 sn

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Whig and Courier.

SATURDAY, DEC 3 1881

BY TELEGRAPH.

MAINE NEWS.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

The Maine Central Folks

EXAMINING THE KNOX & LINCOLN ROAD.

AUGUSTA Dec 2 By invitation President Superintendent Tucker and Director Young and the Road Master and Master of the Maine Central met the Directors Superintendent Coombs Directors and other gentlemen interested in the Knox & Lincoln Railroad to-day and made an examination of the road The committees appointed by the Towns interested in the Knox & Lincoln more especially the committees representing Bath and Rockland have had conferences of late concerning the transfer of the road and the

Question of Lease or Sale

but no decision was reached President Jacason and committee of Directors of the Knox & Lincoln Railroad met in this city on Saturday, and it is understood that he intimated that the Central might be willing to lease the road for years at a fair rate, but nothing could be definitely said, as the Directors generally declined to consider the subject at present Any lease such would have to be executed by the Knox & Lincoln in case of a release examination and estimates of the necessary before a final consideration of the question The invitation to the Central officials was given as a result of this conference

The Party Left Bath

The train left Bath at 9 A M, stopping at Brunswick and arrived here for dinner, reaching this afternoon The road was in excellent condition and the party well pleased with the result of their examination

It would seem that the Maine Central will get a share of the Knox & Lincoln s new ferry boat capable of transporting six cars or more rapid transit of freight and a decided express from Boston, are among the various facilities talked of

Arrival of the First Train

BATH FIELD Dec 2 The first train over the Androscoggin River Railroad to Brunswick arrived here at noon An immense crowd with the band welcomed the train

FROM WASHINGTON:

GENERAL NEWS.

Special Agent

WASHINGTON Dec 2 Secretary Folger has appointed James B Britton of United States District Attorney for Idaho a special agent of the Treasury Department for one month and will start to-day to take charge of the appointment Bureau vice Lamphere whose resignation has been accepted to take effect on the 31st inst at which date Lamphere has been granted leave of absence

Secretary Lincoln s Report

The annual report of the Secretary of War chiefly devoted to the consideration of the important recommendations contained in the report of his predecessor Secretary Sherman s recommendation that the army be increased to 30 000 men receives Secretary Lincoln s earnest endorsement Legislation of Congress is called to the need of legislation to prevent intrusion on Indian lands Secretary Lincoln invites special attention to the part of the report of the Chief of Engineers which relates to the improvement of our sea coast harbors He does not recommend raising the standard of requirements for admission to West Point but believes in an extension of the course to five years

Secretary Folger Has Rejected

offers of compromise heretofore rendered in the case known as the Chicago pay case which arose from the violation of the internal revenue laws and has been pending before the Department a long time The amount involved is very large This action does not finally dispose of the case but is still held in anticipation of further propositions

Cabinet Matters

It is rumored that the President will next week nominate ex Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey Secretary of State and Chauncey I Filley for Postmaster General also that other Cabinet officers will remain in their positions until after the holidays

The Speakership

No further news can be learned no decisive action with regard to the Speakership was taken by the Pennsylvania delegation at its meeting this afternoon

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT

Reduction of Over $7 000 000 in November

The following is a recapitulation of the debt for the month ending December 1

[illegible]

[illegible]		
[illegible]		
[illegible]		

ED AS BY HER,

"My house'll be ready by the first snow. But—"

He was a strongly made, sunburned, vigorous-looking man not yet thirty, and he stood on a high roll of the prairie, from which he could overlook the waving wealth of a vast field of corn.

His mouth closed suddenly behind the last short word, and a shadow came into his bright dark eyes. They had ceased to study the cornfield, turning rather towards a pair who were riding along its northerly order. They were too far away for him hear the tall, bearded old man, on the ley bay horse remark:

"Virginia, that's Marsh, standing on the e. Reckon he's takin' a look of his corn op."

There was no verbal answer, but in another instant the man made under his lady ompanion was currently spitefully.

"What on airth did you hit her for? She as goin' well enough. You ain't safe ith a whip."

She was evidently safe in a saddle, however, and the bay now imitated the roan in manner which brought them rapidly to summit of "the rise."

Mornin', Marsh. How's your crop ookin' out? Looks prime."

Forty acres cut and shucked. Going on the shucking to-morrow. I'm counting on sixty bushels to the acre."

"Mebbe it's thar. Hundred and forty res of it. You're workin' ahead, Marsh yne. Corn's better'n wheat this year."

"When are you going to trash out your ld? You'll have a heap of it."

Best yield I ever harvested if the marwas worth anything. They do say it's ain't up. Just look at them ricks of ne!"

They were a mile and a half due west. o tree stood between to prevent a ew or them; nor did any fences cross the idge of the open, unbroken prairie. A line of forest arose beyond the ricks, and eyond that, unseen from the knoll, the reat plain rolled away, with only a few cattered farms, sixteen miles to the counseat and "town."

Your mare's uneasy this morning, Miss ewford. What's the matter with her?"

What was Marshall Hayne's first discovry of something to say, directly, to Virginia, while her whole attention had seemto be otherwise absorbed.

I've spelled her; let her have her own y too much."

That'll never do. I keep a pretty ady hand over everything I ride' or ve."

Every line of his face and every tone of deep, musical voice seemed to vouch him. He was speaking of dumb animals, to be sure, but the color deepened Virginia's handsome face as she replied, curtly:

"So do I!"

There was a world of firm decision in the words, and in the sudden compression of the red lips which uttered them. Even he room mate must have comprehended, for she gave up her petty rebellion, and began to paw the hard black surface of the ide road beneath her.

Marsh," remarked old Crawford, "isn't r house nigh done?"

All finished inside. Got a good many ngs in, too. All the cribs'll be up in e to hold the crop."

When to live that this winter?"

It was Marshall Hayne's turn to color eply, as he answered:

Can't say. Reckon old Bitters'll' have board me awhile."

If I were Celerity," exclaimed Virginia, with the kind of smile which is no smile all, "I would make you paint your ouse."

The flush in his face was fiery red as he deeply turned to her father:

"By the way! Did you take note of the prairie fire, last night, northeast? The sky was good and red."

"Way beyond the timber? Yes, I saw it. It'll burn out what it is, just as it allers does. It won't get across the slough."

"Don't you be too sure of that now. I've a mind to do some back-firing on that side of my farm. Afraid to go through my standing corn like it was dry grass."

"Reckon it would. I'wont, though. I've lived on this prairie more'n year, and no dre ever come a-nigh me. I don't care to have one come too nigh till my corn's in crib."

Come along, Virginia. Your mother'll spokin' for us."

Good day," said Marsh.

Good morning," said the two neighbors, almost in the same breath, and Virginia added: "You may tell Celerity Bitters, for me, we're going to town to-morrow. If she wants me to get the things she spoke of, she'd better let me know."

I'll tell her. Palm Bitters'll be glad of errand to your house."

A two seconds more Virginia's roan mare was fairly dancing along the road, while Marshall Hayne strode heavily down the slope in the opposite direction.

"Virginia," remarked her father, "why can't you treat Marsh Hayne a little more neighborly? That isn't a likelier young feller on this prairie. That's the sorts of real grit and push into him. Look what he's done with that thar farm!"

"Most any man can handle 'n quarter section."

Not the way he does. I've two whole ections now, but he'll be ahead of me fore long."

"May be so."

He ain't onsociable, neither. What ne's he got to run around nowadays, I'd ke to know?"

Nobody wants him to."

Virginia, how you kev sweeted that o of your'n! Looks like you'd ridden twenty miles instid of ten. What's got into you and her this morning?"

She was very busy with her unruly pet just then, and they were drawing near the house, behind which rose the tall ricks of threshed wheat. It was a pleasant one for that day and region. The outbuildings were good. There were even shrubs and a garden, and in front of the use an attempt at shrubbery.

The sole heresies of all that comfort, with many broad acres around it, hardly ded Virginia's uncommon beauty of o and form to make her the acknowl- belle of Crawford's Prairie." That she was so, however, and was disposed to ert her supremacy, was known to every living thing or person under or near t hospitable roof, her father and mother epted.

Somewhat stately, gray-haired dame ited their coming in the door-way, with ief, matronly greeting:

Virginny, if you're going to town to- row you've heaps to do to-day. 'Pears e everybody was a clearin' out at the e time."

Just exactly as well, mother," calmly ounded her husband.

We can look the house up."

We jest can. And we can throw the ey in the well. Then, if any feller wants get in, he can crawl through the win-

Any a dwelling on the prairie, in those ys, was ignorant of lock or key, and ll accustomed to take care of itself, but rawford's contained more to tempt unful intrusion than did some others.

There was a cloud upon Virginia's face hen she was followed her mother into the ouse, although she did not hear her fa- r matter:

If I was Marsh Hayne, now, I wouldn't t any gal that lives treat me the way she's eated him. He's a right down good fel- He's a heap too good for Celerity ters."

Perhaps; but he was delivering Virginia rawford's message at that very moment, she may have guessed as much.

had sent him to hold a somewhat anid conversation with a young woman o did not at all resemble the belle of wford's Prairie, but who appeared very ly to appreciate her present company. e was not so tall as Virginia, but she as nearly as handsome, in her own way, d her black eyes flashed under her full browns with as clear a warning of a rong will behind them as came from Virnia's own. In truth, the blue-gray eyes re the softer and the pleasanter to look on.

Going to town, is she? I'm obleeged her for sendin' me word. Palmer, I'm s'pose, off down the timber after dark. I can't leave home this evening. 'Pears like wasn't to do me any sort of good to have go."

Well, never you mind. If you want to d word over, get your errand ready. I'll have to ride past Crawford's by and by, and I'll leave it for you."

Will you, now? I'd like it."

Where's Palm? I want him. Where's the old man?"

The long, one-story log house in front of which they were talking, stood about half a mile beyond the great corn field, in the middle of which arose the new-built, fresh-looking structure which was to be the future home of Marshall Hayne. The logs showed signs of age, but there was barely enough of plowed ground around him to fend off a prairie fire. The Bitters family had not occupied it long, and they were not of the class that open new farms.

"Palm!" shouted the dark eyed maiden. "Mr. Hayne wants ye! Wants the old man, too!"

A brawny, ragged-looking, and not uncomely sixteen quickly made his appearance around the corner of the house, but he came alone.

"What's up, Marsh?"

"Well, Palm, it's just this: I don't care to be fired out of my corn crop. You take the double team and the break plow, after dinner, and run two or three furrows along the northeast fence and a little down the east side. The old man can run two or three more, about ten yards out, and we'll siege off the grass between 'em."

That'd stop most anything, onless'n thar was a high wind. Most likely it would then. Awful waste of work, though. Take all day and to-morrow."

Can't help it, Palm. There were some pretty smart blisters, last year, between this and town. I don't want any in mine."

Celerity Bitters had been listening, and she now remarked:

"Hank Sanders, he said he'd be over to see me to-night. I'll git him to step over and help. That's heaps of fun a-nightin' fire."

The inability of Celerity Bitters to carry her own errand over to Crawford's was explained, but Marshall Hayner made no comments on the explanation. Palmer Bitters walked slowly away, leaving his sister to complete her conversation with the energetic young farmer, who at the same time boarded with and employed the Bitters family. They were people whose way in life required them to keep employers and boarders.

Gwine to ride by Crawford's?" There was an inquiring archness in the unflinching black eyes.

Reckon so. 'Twon't be out of my way to do your errand for you."

Well, no, I s'pose not. You wouldn't think of stoppin' in, now, if Jinny Crawford asked you? They do say she doesn't make herself the pleasantest kind of company for them she doesn't take to."

I may not have been said with the intention of sending her own "company" off to his work, but she had managed to do it, for he answered her a little promptly:

I'm plotting in my time on my house and my corn just now. Don't care to have 'em burded up, either. Reckon I'll go over and take a look at things."

He marched away and the black eyes followed him keenly:

"He's an awful worker, he is. He isn't so bad-lookin', either sometimes. Hank Sanders could lay him on the broad of his back, any day. Hunk ort to be doin' somethin' with that thar land of his'n. It's high time that was a crop onto it."

The eastern or any other side of a quarter section of land, United States measure, is half a mile long, and furrows of that length, through virgin prairie sod, calls for strong pulling. Marshall Hayne had told no man that he was already the owner of the land upon which Palm Bitters and his father thought they were throwing away their work, that afternoon, and it was hard, for them to break "nobody's land" for some unknown newcomer.

Neither Bitters nor Crawford knew of his added claim to the respect of his neighbors, when he mounted his horse, that evening, but either his landed possessions, or Celerity's errand, or something else, was lying heavy on his mind. He paused for a moment in front of his new house, and again he said to himself:

"It will be ready by the first snow."

He rode onward, then, with the air of a man who is willing his horse and thoughts should take their own gait, until he neared the house with the ricks behind it.

"Will I go in? Not unless she asks me. If she does, I will. And what then? Yes, I'll do it, sure's I live! I can't stand this any longer."

His mind was made up. Virginia's invitation to come in, but her father, at the gate, said to him: "What, Marsh! I to tell her all that? Reckon not. I'd ketch hell on it, sure. You just 'light down and your horse and come into the house. I'll find her for ye, somewhar. Tell her yourself."

Marsh obeyed, and in a few minutes more the young people were sitting together in the pleasant little parlor by themselves. To judge by the time required for its delivery and explanation, the message of Celerity Bitters must have been a long one, and very well remembered. It was an unpropitious piece of work for Marshall Hayne, however, if he had meant that any special errand of his own should follow. The very thing Celerity's words over and over, to make sure of them, brought too vividly to Virginia Crawford's mental vision a picture of her sister in close communion with a comely suitor, who smiled upon him unutterable things through a pair of black, brilliant eyes.

She noticed, too—and a rebellious feeling rose within her as she studied it—how the willful look of set, determined purpose grew and deepened in the strong face before her. It seemed to look out aggressively and assail her, arousing something desperate and opposing from the hidden depths of her heart. It was a fierce, struggling feeling, and it swelled until she was almost afraid of him. She was angry with herself for that, but her fear grew fast, when her eyes told her that his face was getting strangely pale, and her ears gave her to know that his deep, bell like voice was trembling, and that it seemed to well up from away down, down—some hidden place whence no voice of a man had ever before come to her. She strove not to understand it, and not to know why her heart was beating more quickly, and harder and harder, although as yet he was not talking about anything in particular—land, and crops, and stock, and his new house, and so forth.

The room was swiftly getting dark, as rooms will at the close of October days, but Virginia could see Marshall Hayne's face as plainly as before, for some reason. It seemed to stand out of the gloom as if framed in it, white, fixed, determined. At last there came a moment when her heart stopped its rat beating for a pulse or two, and began to swell. She could hardly remember, afterwards, precisely what he had been saying, but when he came to the words:

"It will be ready by the first snow, Virginia. Will you go into it with me?"

"I?"

The questioning exclamation burst from her lips in a great sob, as she sprang to her feet.

"You will not? Then I will burn it down!"

The first words had a sad and mournful sound, and as if they came from a distance, while the latter were uttered in a harsh, hoarse whisper. She would have given a world for the power to speak again, there in the despairing gloom, into which her backward step had carried her; but the swelling of her heart forbade it too long, and the next sound she heard was the rapid stroke of the hoofs of Marshall Hayne's horse upon the road, as he gallopped away.

"Gone? What did I say?"

She sank upon a chair, and the very dusk faded gloomily out of the little parlor. Her struggle against the over-mastery of Marshall Hayne's will had apparently cost her something.

Neither old Mr. Crawford nor his wife knew anything more concerning their young neighbor's evening call than that it seemed a somewhat shortened one. It had been quite plain that he had had yet another errand "up the road." They knew that by the rapid gait at which he rode away.

Virginia was well satisfied to spend the following day "in town," and even that her father's business of last compelled them all to remain there over night. When, however, on the next day, they set out for home, she was conscious of a feeling of uneasiness, which increased with every mile they traveled. Her father seemed to share it with her, but she understood that better when he at last remarked:

"They do say the prairie was all afire, beyeaway, last night. You can 'see the smoke of it now. Reckon it didn't git across the slough. It couldn't, onless thar was a high wind; but then the wind's risin', and it's a-blowin' the wrong way, to suit me."

Meantime it had been a great relief to Marshall Hayne to have a large job on his hands—one he could push along feverishly, "so we can get at work at the corn shucking."

There is some excitement in "back-firing," even when you feel sure the blazes you are kindling cannot get away from you.

There were three broad furrows along the northeast fence, and four more along the outer border of the ten-yard strip of prairie so inclosed, to be burned over, the grass or this, while pretty dry, was nowhere very luxuriant, and before the day was over the work was done, with no harm to anybody, and a fine opportunity given Hank Sanders to "beat fire" at the side of Celerity Bitters. An average width of fifty feet of scorched sod and bare earth and a high rail fence now protected the entire easterly front of Marshall Hayne's farm, and in all other directions it was fairly safe for other reasons. The scant plowing of Bitters' could be trusted to guard the log-house and its surroundings.

The night after was a bad one for sleeping, if only because of the strong smell of burning grass continually pouring in through open windows. It grew so terribly pungent by sunrise, that Marshall Hayne exclaimed, as he sprang out of bed: "It's coming! There's no mistake about it, this time."

A little later he remarked:

"Wonder if old man Crawford's got home! I don't reckon he has. I won't wait for breakfast. I'll go right over and see about it. She won't be there. If she is, I'll know in time to keep away."

He did not even wait to saddle a horse, but walked swiftly away from Bitters' without saying a word to a soul.

On he went with quickening strides, to and through his own domain. He paused for one moment in front of the neat but not yet unpainted frame dwelling. There was a patch of young fruit trees to the left of it. There were signs around it of more improvements to come, and it had a dumb look of loneliness which seemed to plead for human occupancy.

He shook his head.

"No. I won't be a fool. It shall stay there, but I'll never put my foot over the threshold. They say there are good locations to be had in Kansas. I'd rather go further—Nevada, now! Colorado!

On again until he was near enough to Crawford's to make sure that there was no smoke rising from the kitchen chimney. There was, however, an abundance of smoke now floating down from the north and east, and he muttered, gloomily:

"Into the house? No, I don't feel like doing that, but I'll see that the stock is safe. I'll tether every horse out in the winter wheat. That's green enough. The horned critters'll run for the timber, and the hogs are there now. I couldn't do much for anything else, and it may not reach the house. No, I reckon I won't go in."

It required some little time to empty the stables, and transfer their equine contents to the middle of the wheat field. Virginia Crawford's pet mare was particularly restive under the kindly hands that led her away. She may have suspected that Marshall Hayne was stealing her.

The haze in the air seemed somehow to have settled upon his soul by the time his self-imposed tasks was completed. He moved more slowly than at first, and his head drooped forward in a brooding silence. He kept to his purpose, however, about not entering the house, and now, as if it were a neighborhood to escape from, he walked away across the prairie, letting his undirected feet carry him vaguely northward.

The first words he spoke came from him when, after wandering half a mile or so, he found himself at a deep, tree-bordered, winding hollow, that was almost a ravine:

"The slough? I declare! I'd no idea it was dead dry. The rosin weeds, too. Never saw 'em taller. If a fire should once get in here, now, wouldn't it burn?"

There could be small doubt of it, for the white gum which exuded from the tall, drying stalks of the weeds, and from their broad foot-leaves, was the very treasure-house of terrible heat.

He did not linger long in the hollow, but the moment he was once more on somewhat higher ground, beyond the trees, he uttered a sharp exclamation:

"Wind rising? I should say it was. The fire has crossed the slough! Look yonder! It's making straight for my place. Oh, but ain't I glad I'm ready for it!"

He stood still for a moment, and looked around him. The scene he was gazing upon was well worth some careful study. The wind was indeed blowing more strongly. The line of the advancing fire was broken and irregular, but if one fact was plainer than another, it was that the great blaze to the eastward had not only broken the feeble barrier of thin forest in its way, but was traveling furiously down along the slough itself. It would surely enable him to go back by the way he came, and it would be among Crawford's stables, fields in ten minutes more, and then among his ricks and stables, and no power could save the homestead.

"It'll be an awful coming back for them," he muttered; but his next word was almost a shout: "I'm penned in!" His glances were swift and keen. "It's blowing head westerly. It's got in behind me. The whole prairie's afire to the northward. I've heard of such things, but I'd no idea I'd ever be trapped this' way, myself. If I had a match I'd set the grass afire here, and burn a place to stand in. Haven't one! Haven't got to be burned alive?"

That was a serious problem, surely, for a strong man to face, but Marshall Hayne faced it. He had turned deathly white-ish, at first, before, in Virginia Crawford's parlor, but he did not lose a shade of color now. He did but step briskly forward, saying to himself:

"Not on this low ground, anyhow. The grass is too thick here, and there are too many weeds. I must rush for the highest knoll I can reach, and the thinnest growth. Then, when the fire comes, I'll try a rush. Reckon that's my only chance."

He walked more swiftly after that thought came to him. Then he even ran, for at some distance before him the prairie rose to a knoll which was almost a knob. The grass would surely be short there, and he would be able to take a wider look about him.

He reached it, and the air on the little summit was easier to breathe in.

Fire, fire, fire, in all directions. It was sweeping vigorously down through the tall blue grass and rosin weeds of the slough away there behind him, but there was too much black smoke from them to guess how near it might be to Crawford's. It was well for him he had not sought an escape in that direction.

The north road to town comes in over yonder. The fire had burned along both sides of it, nobody knows for how far. There's a double buggy, now, coming along, away back. It must be old Crawford's. No, they're not in any danger, but then"—

He paused here, for the blazing line in front of him was drawing nearer. Harder and harder blew the wind, too, and higher leapt the red tongues of the flame.

"I'll wait till it strikes into the short grass on the slope. Then for a charge; but I must go straight across. If I lose my way in the smoke and run right or left, I'm a dead man."

"If I am not suffocated, and if I don't stumble, I believe I can get through."

Cool and calm and strong; every nerve was tense and every muscle was utterly ready. And now, sending before it dense clouds of rosin weed smoke, the prairie fire began its fierce charge up the slope, like the English infantry at Inkermann.

"Now for it. Life or death!"

He went forward with a great, stag-like bound, and the smoke-cloud closed around him.

He had not been watching the double buggy for some few minutes, but there had been something in it worth watching. The driver was alone on the front seat with a bag of flour beside him, and he did not turn to look behind, as he steadily remarked:

"It isn't of any use, mother. That blaze will reach our place before we do."

Stern and silent sat old Mrs. Crawford while her husband was speaking; but a younger and better pair of eyes had been straining their vision upon the smoke wreaths and eddies ahead.

"Father? Father? There's a man on the hill! He will be burned!"

"Good pity him! That's so!"

The buggy had been driven along the prairie road, as closely in the rear of the advancing dread as old Mr. Crawford dared to press his snorting, frightened span of bays, and the distance between them and the knob was not so very great. A gust of wind lifted the smoke from it just for a moment.

"Father! Father! Can't you see? Can we not do something? Mother—mother—mother—It is Marshall Hayne!"

The old man shivered from head to foot, and Mrs. Crawford turned suddenly around to look at her daughter. She needed but one look.

"Virginia! My poor girl! Oh, I did not know it!"

Virginia's lips were parted, and she was staring fixedly at the black pall of vapor which had again hidden the prairie knoll from view. Marshall Hayne was in there, somewhere, she knew, with the fierce-fire smiting him.

White, oh how white a face was hers for a mother to gaze upon! There was no trace of color, even on the lips.

Old Crawford raised in his horses, groaning aloud.

It seemed but a minute more, an eternally-long minute of horrified silence, when the staggering form of a man burst through the nearer line of smoke, and a pair of arms were thrown wildly upward, as if their owner, mingled a word of thanksgiving with his first gasp of breathable air. He needed more air and fresher, and he once again hurried forward.

The boys were suddenly lashed to a gallop, just as Virginia Crawford faintly muttered:

"Is that Marsh! Oh mother? is he saved!"

"Jinny! Keep up! I'll bet him in ten seconds!"

The boys were again reined in quickly, for there was a man in the road before them.

"Hold the reins, mother!" shouted old Crawford, as he sprang to the ground. "Marsh, is it you? Are you much burned? Can you speak?"

He might well ask him who he was, under the thick dusting of soot and ashes that covered him from head to foot.

At that moment there was a low cry behind old Crawford, and the form of his daughter darted past him.

"Marsh! Oh, Marsh, why won't you speak to me?"

Her white hands were on his shoulder, and her streaming eyes were studying his face, but there was color again in her own, now.

"I'm all right, Virginia, but I'm afraid there's nothing left of your place. I took your mare and the other horses out into the wheat field. She's safe."

"You've been caring for us? Risking your life for us! Oh, Marsh, are you here?"

"Not much, I reckon. Burned my hands a little, that's all. Have to get a new pair of boots."

Yes, and a new hat and coat; and his hair, beard and eyebrow had suffered; and the Crawford's would find only heaps of ashes where they had left so fair a home. But what of all that! What was any such loss, compared to the treasure which had come to Virginia through that wall of smoke and fire, or to the one Marshall Hayne had found at the end of his desperate run for life!

"Git into the buggy, Marsh. He won't need no help, Jinny. Did you say you'd save the critters?"

"Reckon they're all right, but I didn't get anything out of the house. Would better take the road to mine, at the forks. We put in all day yesterday, back-firing."

"That's what I ought to have done, 'stead of going to town."

There was a great deal of silence during the short remainder of that drive, but old Crawford followed his young neighbor's advice, for the right hand road, at the forks, would have led him into a better country than his horses would have been willing to travel.

Before long they could all see the great blaze which went up from house and barns and corn cribs and stacks of wheat.

"The land won't burn," said the brave old man, almost cheerily. "Glad the stock is safe. That was good of you, Marsh. I don't owe a cent, and it won't break me up. Glad your place isn't hurt; but you had a close call of it yourself."

He heard a very long breath drawn, at that moment, by somebody upon the back seat of the buggy.

At the door of the new house they all got soberly down, and Mrs. Crawford walked straight to the door and through it. Her husband stood to one side of his over-excited team, but Marshall Hayne and Virginia were just a little behind her when she reached the threshold.

"Why, crame me!" exclaimed the old lady. "It's nigh 'almost furnished. It's real comfortable!"

Perhaps it was mere curiosity that curbed her or so quickly, then, out of hearing, although some experienced women are very wise.

"Will you go in, Virginia?"

"I, Marsh!"

"With me, I mean—Virginia?"

He passed the threshold as he spoke, and there he stood, holding out both hands, half-welcoming, half-pleading.

"Forever and ever, Marsh?"

If a few minutes later, old Mrs. Crawford meant any more than she said, there may have been some reason for the high color in her daughter's face, for part of the added flush was dusky!

"Marsh, you'd better get a clothes-brush and some soap and water. I declare! Virginny, you almost look as if you'd been through a fire yourself."

The further domestic arrangements of Marshall Hayne's new house were completed a good while before the "first snow," although the winter set in early that year.

He did not board with the Bitters family another day, but it was only a week or so after the fire had done its work that Celerity remarked to Hank Sanders:

"No, sir! I'm gwine to foller Jinny Crawford. Not till you've took some kind of a crap off that land o' yours, and put a house onto it."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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